

Thoughts, which may bear transplanting to the Skies,
 tho' Natives of this coarse penurious Soil;
 nor wholly wither *there*, where *Seraphs* sing,
 refin'd, exalted, not annull'd, in Heav'n.

Reason, the Sun that gives them Birth, the same
 in either Clime, tho' more illustrious *There*.

These choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,
 Shall form a Garland for NARCISSE'S Tomb;
 and, peradventure, of no fading Flow'rs.

Say, On what Themes shall puzzled Choice descend?

"Th' Importance of Contemplating the Tomb;

"*why* Men decline it; *Suicide's* fool Birth;

"the various *Kinds of Grief*; the *Faults of Age*;

"and *Death's dread Character* — invite my Song."

And, first, th' Importance of our End survey'd.

Friends counsel quick Dismission of our Grief:

Mistaken Kindness! our Hearts heal *too soon*.

Are *They* more kind than *He*, who struck the Blow?

who bid it do his Errand in our Hearts,

and banish Peace, till *nobler Guests* arrive,

and bring it back, a true, and endless Peace?

Calamities are *Friends*: As glaring *Day*

of these unnumber'd Lustres robs our Sight;

Prospe.